

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

DESIGNED FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE YOUTH.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH,
EDITOR.

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SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1903.

No. 10.

EARLY THEATRICALS IN UTAH.



ARRIVED in Salt Lake City on September 1, 1850. Those who saw the city then and see it now, and only those can realize what a transformation scene is before them. Then there were not two theatres, not even one of any description. There were no dramatic or operatic companies and but very few people living in the city as compared with today—but the dramatic

instinct existed and soon found voice in the organization of the Deseret Dramatic Association.

Those who engineered the scheme, the pioneers of practical theatricals between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean, (and which has been a steady, unceasing growth until the present time) were nearly all members of the "Nauvoo Brass Band" which was organized in Nauvoo by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and was reorganized in Salt Lake in the year 1850. Among those who met in the old Band Wagon at the southwest corner of North Temple and First West streets, were Captain William Pitt, William Clayton, John Kay, James Ferguson, Henry Margetts, Hiram B. Clawson, Horace K. Whitney, William H. Kimball, George D. Grant, Robert T. Bur-

ton, Edmund Ellsworth, William Glover, Philip Margetts, and a few others. Of the ladies I will mention Miss Orum,



PHIL. MARGETTS.

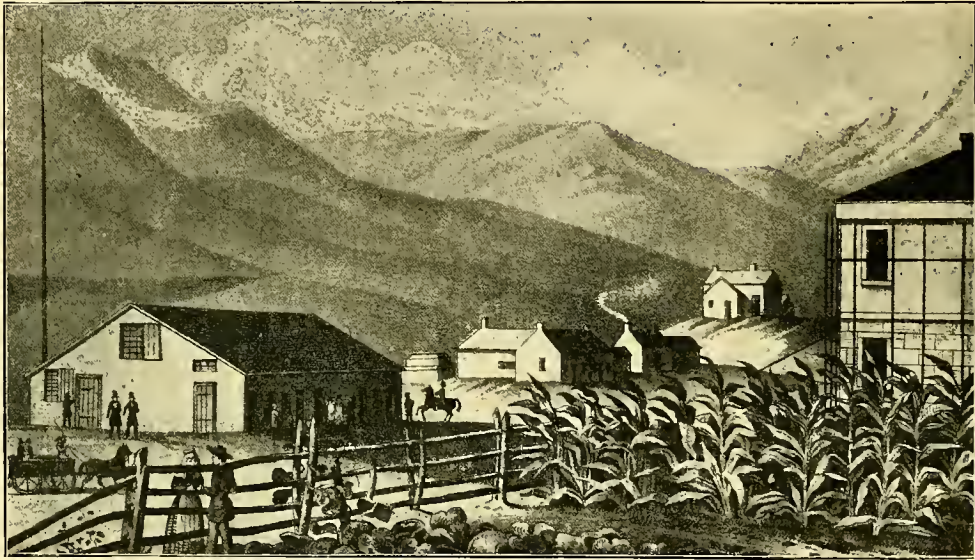
and Miss Margaret Judd, now Mrs. M. J. Clawson. Many others were actuated by a similar desire, realizing that the hardships through which the people had passed should be beguiled in some

manner, and what way more effectually, for the time being, than good, wholesome dramatic entertainment? Accordingly in the year 1850 the "Deseret Dramatic Association" was organized by myself and those whose names I have mentioned.

The next step was to find a place in which to give our performances. There was no hall of sufficient dimensions suitable for the purpose, but this difficulty was overcome in the adoption of what was known as the "Old Bowery," the

ence the two-act drama entitled "Robert Macaire," with the following cast of characters:

Robert Macaire.....	John Kay
Jacques Strop.....	H. B. Clawson
Dumont.....	E. Martin
Pierre.....	Philip Margetts
Germeuil.....	William Glover
Charles.....	E. Ellsworth
Sergeant Loupy..	H. K. Whitney
Louis	H. Margetts
Francois.....	R. Judd
Gendarmes...	William Kimball and G. D. Grant
Marie.....	Miss Mary Orum
Clementine.....	Miss M. Judd



THE OLD BOWERY.

MINT.

WHITE HOUSE.

COUNCIL HOUSE.

The "Old Bowery" as it appeared in the year 1851, was situated on the southeast corner of the Temple block and was used for a short time as the meeting place of the people. It was built of adobes and covered with branches of trees and dirt, the roof being supported from the inside with upright posts. The west end was used for the speakers' stand and choir, and the building would hold perhaps one thousand or twelve hundred people. In this crude, historic old place was presented the first theatrical performance ever produced in Utah.

meeting place of the people, a place amply capacious for the purpose. As its name suggests it was covered with branches of trees. So we erected a temporary stage in the "Old Bowery," and supplied it with the best equipment obtainable at that time. "The groves were God's first temples," and a grove, or something resembling it, was our first dramatic temple, and there in the spring of 1851 we presented to a delighted audi-

The first blow was struck, the first foundation stone was laid and the drama in Utah had become a thing of the present, and of the future. Thus we find the organization comprising the genesis of theatricals in Salt Lake City, and in fact, in the Territory of Utah.

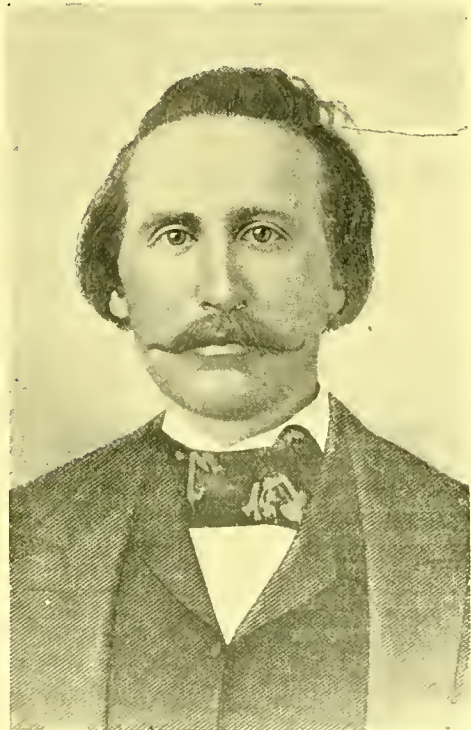
While speaking of the founders of the drama in Utah, let me not forget to mention the name of one to whom all those born and raised in Utah should

feel indebted; one man that all professionals traveling through Utah should hold in profound respect, for he was the champion of the drama and the friend of the actor. This man was President Brigham Young. He did more to elevate the drama and encourage the histrionic art, in his day, than perhaps any man in America.

You who have given dramatic performances know that when the genuine dramatic inspiration begins to take positive shape, obstacles disappear before it like blocks of ice under a July sun. Those who would act will find a place, the time and the means in spite of all discouragement. I have had a wonderful and practical experience in this regard during my many theatrical ventures in the Territory while traveling in years gone by. When the magical and mysterious side wing is once touched, the touch is apt to cling forever, and in one way or another the devotee either continues to act regularly or at intervals, or has the desire to do so, and only waits an opportunity.

I may be pardoned if I here make a few explanations, for I wish the younger portion of the community to distinctly understand that those who were living in these valleys at the time I speak of, who played in the first organized dramatic company were not born in Utah, but were among those who immigrated to the Territory from all parts of the world. Many came from large cities, both on the other side of the water and from the Eastern cities of America, so that we had in our midst some of the best mechanics, best artists-musicians, and a great many possessing a wonderful amount of dramatic talent, consequently we were prepared to commence right in our efforts to form a stock company that in after years was considered second to none west of New York.

The beginning was, all things considered, truly worthy the sequel, and I would not have my friends to suppose for a moment that everything connected with our first presentation of the drama in Utah was crude, imperfect and without its redeeming features. It is true we were beset by annoyances of various kinds for want of materials, etc., but what we lacked in that respect we made up in the general consideration of the beholders



"JIM" FERGUSON.

in large and heavy drafts on their imaginations.

The following year, 1852, the dramatic company was reorganized, with A. H. Raleigh as president. The Social Hall was then in course of construction. We commenced rehearsals, so as to be ready for the dedication and opening of the hall. This was the first building used for dramatic purposes erected

between Chicago and Sacramento. It was a small but compact and very neatly fitted up place, a vast improvement on its predecessor, the "Old Bowery." The Social Hall was opened by the Deseret Dramatic Association in 1852. The first play presented in this hall was Bulwer's beautiful creation, "The Lady of Lyons."

The late lamented "Jim" Ferguson appeared as Claude Melnotte, and the now almost forgotten Mrs. Wheelock portrayed the heroine. It was on this stage that Bernard Snow, then considered the "Roscius" of the Rocky Mountains, gave such representations as Othello, Virginius, Ingomar, and other legitimate characters. Here it was that your humble servant gained now and then a goodly portion of the plaudits of the public when appearing in comedy and character parts. Here it was that H. B. Clawson and his wife Margaret were a host in themselves in comedy roles. Here William C. Dunbar convulsed the patrons of this only place of amusement with his Irish comedy and comic songs. On this stage David McKenzie commenced to mount the ladder of fame as an actor. Henry E. Bowring and wife, Henry Maiben, H. K. Whitney, Joseph M. Simmons, John Kay and others contributed largely towards making the performances a success.

Here John T. Caine and David Candland divided the honors as stage managers, and it was in this historic building that during the noted famine of 1855-6, caused by the ravages of the grasshoppers, when hunger and pallor sat upon every countenance, that our humble efforts to please, if they produced no other good results, were the means of causing the sufferers to forget their sorrows for at least a short time.

From 1857 to 1859 there were no performances in the Social Hall; so in the

fall of that year I organized what was then known as the Mechanic's Dramatic Association, composed of the best talent available in Salt Lake City. Having obtained the use of a neat little hall in the Twelfth Ward of Salt Lake City, which was really the first place of amusement in Utah that was called a theatre, we proceeded to arrange for such productions as our facilities would admit, with an auditorium capable of holding not to exceed one hundred persons. The first performance was the domestic drama entitled "Luke, the Laborer," and the farce of "The Rough Diamond." We could only produce pieces as opportunity permitted. We attempted some daring feats on that stage, and limited as were our space and our resources, we did produce the five-act drama of "The Honeymoon," "The Gamester" and "Othello," and pieces that tax the energies of some of the best theatres to properly present. But they *were* presented and the fact that there were more demands for seats than we could supply shows that our efforts, our ambition and our pains were not thrown away.

Let me here say a word or two in relation not only to what was accomplished by this company and the little place in which its performances were given, but also as to the results growing out of our efforts. At that time our entertainments were visited by all classes of the people, and among them the then recognized leaders of the community; and so enjoyable did the performances seem to be that without exception a feeling was created for something better in the way of a dramatic temple, and in this feeling we can find the germ of the movement which led to the building of the Salt Lake Theatre which seemed to arise before us as if by magic.

One night when we were essaying a four-act piece of such length, breadth

and proportions as made the venture hazardous, we invited Presidents Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Daniel H. Wells, with several other prominent gentlemen and their families, to witness it. It was crowding what we were afraid would be the mourners, but they got in and did not seem disposed to get out until the curtain fell on the last act. This put President Young to thinking, and he determined, then and there, to erect a more fitting structure than any existing. So you see, the little building in which the Mechanic's Dramatic Association gave their performances was the nucleus around which have since

clustered so much dramatic art and dramatic accessories as we now find in our midst.

The collapse of our little venture was simply the decayed seed planted in fruitful soil because it gave the needed impetus to an idea previously suggested, but which had dwindled, and this movement came after it as the natural result, and thus followed the building of the Salt Lake Theatre. It was completed sufficiently to admit of an opening performance on March 2, 1862, the first piece produced being "The Pride of the Market."

Phil. Margetts.



ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

IN a late number of the INSTRUCTOR I told my young friends how the Lord had heard and answered my prayers on two occasions. It may perhaps interest you to hear how He also heard and answered my humble petitions on other occasions. Before doing so, I wish to say, my dear young brothers and sisters, that in offering up our prayers to our Father in Heaven, we should not fail to offer them up in the name of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. I heard some boys and girls pray recently, and I noticed that they did not pray in the name of Jesus. In order for our prayers to be acceptable to the Lord we must pray to Him in the name of His Only Begotten Son. I hope that you will remember this, and that you may do so, I will try to impress it on your minds by telling you of an event which took place in my life a few days before I joined the Church.

When I first heard the Elders preach the Gospel, I believed with all my heart

that they spoke the truth. I had read the Bible a great deal and I knew that all the principles which they taught were in the Holy Scriptures. But you know that there is a great difference between *believing* a thing to be true and *knowing* that it is true. Let me point out the difference. You have all, no doubt, heard of the Falls of Niagara, but very few of you have seen them. Yet you believe most firmly that there is a place in America known as Niagara Falls. Well, some day you may go to Niagara, and as you look at the mighty volumes of water falling over the great cataracts, you will then be able to say, "Now I know that there are the Falls of Niagara, for my eyes behold them."

So it was with me with regard to the Gospel. I believed that what the Elders said was true, but belief did not fully satisfy me; I wanted to know. Don't you think that I was right? Why should I content myself with a belief in these things, when, by asking in faith, I could

have a knowledge of them? Jesus said "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." And the Apostle James has encouraged us with this promise: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." And to the Prophet Joseph Smith the Lord said: "I, the Lord, am willing to make these things known unto all flesh." Just think of that—the Lord is willing to give us a knowledge of the truth of the Gospel if we will humble ourselves and pray to Him in sincerity, and in the name of His Son, Jesus Christ. Is not a knowledge of the Gospel worth asking for? It certainly is. Then why don't we pray to the Lord for such a knowledge? Do you believe that He is able to give you such a testimony? You do. Do you believe that He is willing to answer your prayers? Yes. Then why go about simply believing, and sometimes doubting, when you can know for a surety that this is indeed the work of God in which your fathers and mothers are engaged? The Lord has given thousands of us Saints a testimony of the truth of these things. Why not you? My dear brothers and sisters, if you will ask Him in faith, He will indeed answer your prayer, and you shall know that He has restored the Gospel and set up His Church again upon the earth.

Now I will return again to my subject. I said I was most desirous of knowing if the Lord had restored the Gospel to Joseph Smith. I knew that no man could give me such knowledge; but I knew that there was One who could and that that One was God. I knew that He would hear my prayer, for He had said, "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." So I went to Him. Yes, one night at midnight, I left my home and went out into the country, by the side of

a graveyard, and there I prayed to my Heavenly Father to make known to me if He had revealed the Gospel and if Joseph Smith was a true prophet. No sooner had I finished my prayer than I heard a voice, the voice of the Holy Spirit, which said to me, "You did not pray in the name of Jesus Christ; but if you will pray in the name of Christ your prayer will be answered." I was a little surprised on hearing this, for I thought that I had prayed in the name of the Savior; but when the Spirit spoke to me I knew that I had not done so. I then offered up another prayer, being careful to do so in the name of Jesus, and when my prayer was finished, I heard the same voice, and it said: "The Gospel has been restored to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and if you desire salvation in the kingdom of God, you must obey the Gospel and become a member of the Church."

O, what joy filled my soul! I knew the truth. Doubt had fled, and belief had given place to knowledge. My young brethren and sisters, go to God, pray to Him in the name of Jesus to give you a testimony of the truth of this great Latter-day work, and He who marks the fall of a sparrow, will mark the prayers of His children, and will reward you according to the righteous desires of your heart.

I will now tell you of another occasion on which I received an answer to prayer. It was in the year 1892. Business was practically at a standstill all over the country. Work was very hard to get. At that time I was working sometimes two, sometimes three days a week. One morning a brother came to me and said, "I have received a telegram from—— asking me to send up some men as soon as possible. It is night work, and you will be able to make twenty-five dollars a week. Will you

go?" I told him that I would go out on the first train. I did so. I commenced work at six o'clock the same evening. While I liked the work, I must say that I did not enjoy the company of my fellow workmen. They were almost all Gentiles, and a very bad lot of Gentiles they were, too. They drank liquor, smoked and chewed tobacco, and almost every time they spoke they took the Lord's name in vain. I thought that I was as near hell as I could be without being in it.

About ten o'clock that night I began to pray to the Lord to manifest to me if I should remain in that place. At intervals for the next two hours I offered up the same prayer. Just as the clock was striking twelve, the Spirit of the Lord whispered to me, "Do not keep this situation, but return to Salt Lake." That moment I stopped work, and going over to the manager I told him that I did not care to stay longer. He was very much surprised and tried to persuade me to remain with him. He even promised to give me a better job and to increase my wages to thirty dollars a week. I said to him, "I would not

stay if you gave me thirty dollars a night." I agreed to work the remainder of the night. When I returned to the city and met some of my friends they strongly censured me for what I had done. Some said I was lazy and did not want to work. The only one to appreciate my feelings was my wife. She said, "No matter what people say, it is better to obey God than man. The Lord knows best and it will all come out right." And it did come out right. In three months time the firm failed; the men were thrown out of work and were unable to get their wages. The man that offered me thirty dollars a week was glad to get work himself at fifteen dollars a week. A few weeks later I got a good situation, which I held for a number of years.

My dear young readers, when the Lord prompts you to do anything, do it, no matter what people may think about you. "Do what is right, let the consequence follow," or in the words of James Witcomb Riley:

"Just do your best, and praise or blame,
That follows that, counts just the same."

W. A. M.



THE CAMEL IN AFRICA.



It is by no means easy to obtain trustworthy information about camels in Africa, for it is everybody's pastime to invent extravagant stories about them, just as in America about snakes, or in England about dogs and cats. For instance, a lady, who traveled in Tunis some years ago, was told that young camels were habitually buried in the

sand up to their eyes in order to straighten their necks. This she readily believed, and solemnly inserted in her book as a piece of news.

Most of us have a certain reverence for the camel. It is therefore rather a shock, on landing in North Africa, to find camels lounging about the streets by the score, and to learn that they are rather cheaper than horses: twenty

to thirty-five dollars will purchase a very fair camel, which can easily carry a 660 pound burden for thirty miles a day during any number of days.

An Arab does not think nearly as much of his camel as he does of his

water in its pouch sufficient to last it many days.

There is scarcely any food too tough and unpalatable for its digestion. Indeed, it has become notorious for its habit of feeding on the cactus or prickly



THE CAMEL IN WAR.

horse, or even of his mule. It is only for the camel's strength and endurance that it is in such demand. These are the qualities which have earned it the name of the "ship of the desert." As everybody knows, it can lay in a store of

pear. It does not choose this food any more than the ass chooses thistles as a delicacy, but people talk of the cactus as camel's food just as we do of thistles for asses.

A camel is never in a hurry, even for

its meals, and each mouthful is chewed over and over again, even though goats and kids and fowls may be poaching on the provision. When specially hard work is required, a camel is given a ration of barley and date-stones.

Camels are said to be the most docile animals imaginable. It is true that, when they are walking the streets, they shrink from contact with any one, and will swerve aside if they meet even a small child or a puppy. But this is entirely on their own account, for they have a dread of being touched, except by their drivers. They do not even like to be stroked. As they stalk about with their noses high in air, and their big, astonished eyes looking round superciliously, they seem to say that they are ready to carry big burdens and go without food or drink, but that they will tolerate no familiarities.

Camels generally go about wearing thick muzzles of dried esparto grass, which is used for all manner of basket-making in North Africa, but the muzzles are merely to prevent their nibbling the branches of trees by the way. When they attack people, they generally trample upon them, and the effect of a hard battering with their soft feet is not unlike a tremendous pummelling with boxing-gloves.

Such violence is, however, quite the exception. As a rule, the camel is obedient, but not intelligent. It soon learns that a tap on its knees is an order to kneel or to rise, and it is very accommodating when you want to mount or dismount.

Camels never combine among themselves for any purpose whatever; they do not increase their pace in the very least when they are on their way back to their stable: and they have never been known to sham lameness or shirk work. On the other hand, they are models of

obstinacy. No power on earth will induce a camel to do anything it considers unfair. The proverb about the last straw is no fiction. Place a burden, which is in the least degree too heavy, upon a camel's back, and wild horses will not persuade it to get up, let alone start on its journey. And it must be left to fix its own pace, which in the case of the ordinary pack camel, is a very slow one.

A whip, even across its nose, would have no effect whatever, and your spur might tear its flanks to pieces without increasing the pace a jot. If its rider irritates it, it will not try to kick him off, but it may run away. If it does run away, it will take good care that you do not benefit by the momentary increase of speed. It will give you clearly to understand that it only sought to annoy you, and it will never run away very far.

The pack-camel travels very slowly, and until you are sufficiently reconciled to the motion to be able to doze on its back, you are constantly tempted to get off and walk. If you want speed, you must buy a racing-camel. This seems to belong to a different creation. It is much taller, more alert, and more intelligent. It can accomplish one hundred and fifty miles in sixteen hours without undue effort, and, in the matter of price, compares with the pack-camel as the thoroughbred does with the cab-horse.

At the present day camels are used for all sorts of domestic purposes in Africa. They may even be seen drawing plows in the interior of the Regency of Tunis.

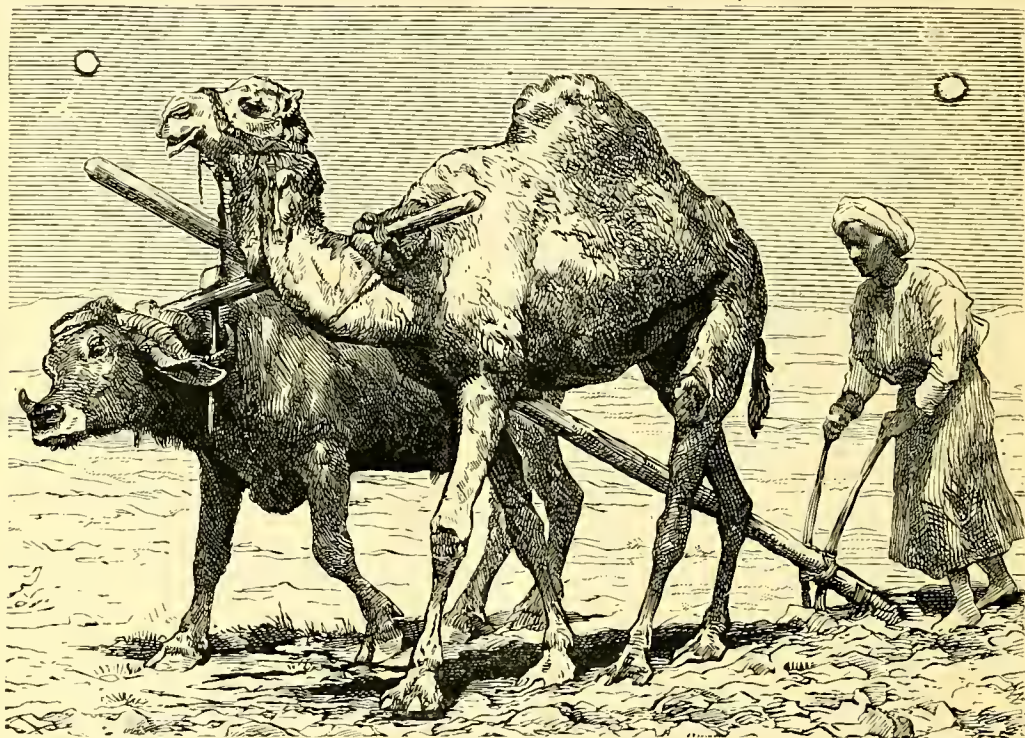
Their chief use, however, is for caravans. You may behold them bringing in huge cases of dates from the oases, or you may see them with great tent-like structures of red silk upon their backs. These tents are for the conveyance of Arab women of the upper classes, who seek to maintain the privacy of the harem even on a journey. Two women

and some children are often accommodated on one camel. They have cushions on which they can lie down and even sleep. It is stuffy, and it is dark, but they deem themselves well-off in escaping from the searching rays of the burning sun.

It is a strange sight to watch the arrival of a caravan from a distance. It resembles a long snake, growing ever bigger and bigger as it draws near. It

of half-ragged women groaning under prodigious weights, and carrying their children in a kind of sack behind them.

Most of the camels in a caravan wear three charms round their necks to ward off the evil eye. If you admire a camel you must not say so, as that would be thought to invoke misfortune. If you desire to please the camel driver, you may say: "God save it" (*Teburk Allah*), and he will understand you to mean that



THE CAMEL IN PEACE.

always proceeds in the same order; first, the camels with huge packs of wool or esparto on each side of their backs; then a cavalcade of little thin, wiry donkeys, scarcely bigger than large Newfoundland dogs, also very heavily laden, sometimes having a stout man perched on their backs in addition to their own weight in merchandise; then crowds of men on foot, carrying nothing but long guns slung across their shoulders; and, lastly, a herd

such beauty requires a special intervention of Providence to avert the evil-eye. The most admired camels are the so-called white ones, in reality of a dingy cream colour. These are also said to be the most intelligent.

A camel's age may be told by its teeth with certainty up to eight years or even twelve. From fifteen to twenty it is old and well past its prime. Then it is often killed and eaten, just as a horse is in

France. Distinguished travelers in the interior of North Africa are often regaled with a young camel roasted whole, but this is rather welcome for the idea of the thing than for the flavor. The hump is,

however, generally considered a delicacy. Among camels, however, it is supposed to be an imperfection, for there is a proverb: "The camel sees not his own hump, but sees that of his brother."

Selected.



WITH THE ELDERS.

PART XIII.—TO THE NOTTINGHAM MARKET.

HAVE you ever seen an English market? If not, perhaps you would like to go with us to one this morning. Nottingham prides herself in having the biggest market place found in the whole United Kingdom. It covers five acres, or just one-half as much as a Salt Lake City block. The route from the conference house brings us to the upper end of the market, and from our position we readily see the shape of the place is that of a long, irregular triangle, the big end being opposite us. The whole place is paved with stone and is surrounded by buildings ranging from three to five stories high. In the center, at the far end, stands the spacious Exchange Building, with its big clock, in plain view of the entire market. Hundreds of men each day regulate their watches, so as to agree with this well-known timepiece. All disputes on "correct time" may be settled here, for this clock is regarded as the authority on that question.

The part of the market place nearest us is strewn with cages, baskets, boxes, etc., containing different kinds of fowls and pets, and a little farther down are piles of dish-ware, etc., and beyond them we see the main part pretty well taken up with stalls covered with white awnings. The awnings look like a great

many flat tent tops lifted up six and a half or seven feet from the ground. They are supported by wooden and iron framework so arranged that when the day's business is done the "whole thing" can be removed from the grounds with but little trouble. The purpose of the awnings is, of course, to protect the people and goods from the frequent rains and also to afford shade on the hot, sultry days. We are given to understand the grounds, framework, awnings, etc., all belong to the city and that the merchants are under the necessity of paying small rents for the use of them.

Continuing down into the market, we first make a detailed inspection of the "live things" which are for sale. We are interested in the great collection of canaries, blackbirds and larks, and also in the dozens of pigeons of various colors and kinds. Here a man has some white rats and guinea pigs, and there is one with "banty" chickens. Rabbits, representing half a dozen different breeds, are present in great numbers. Here's a lad with his ferrets, telling in pronounced market language their unchallenged ability in catching rats. Dogs, from tiny pups to grave grand-sires, are for sale. You can get them of almost any color or breed, and in

many cases, if you make a deal, a poorly scribbled paper is thrown in, giving the dogs' ancestors for generations back, and in some instances, we fancy, back to "the immediate mythical ages." One dealer amuses us by laying so much stress on his dogs' pedigree, and we wonder if he wants to sell the pedigree and incidentally throw in the dogs. At any rate, we soon learn that some things said by these fellows must

stantly disappear. The woman in charge puts the noisy ducks to shame with her extraordinary eloquence, and the owner of the dog, whoever he is, says not a word, but "looks wise."

Leaving the "live stock," we pass on to the more peaceable quarters, where pottery, dishes, glassware, etc., are on exhibition to attract the attention of buyers. The foreground of the accompanying picture shows a corner of this part



NOTTINGHAM MARKET.

be taken with "a grain of salt," and that Americans are not the only "up-to-date business men."

Chickens by the box are piled here and there along our way, and now we come to a pen of ducks. They are let loose in a circular enclosure made of boxes, baskets, etc. An inquisitive dog suddenly leaps over the pile of boxes into the pen and—oh, what a noise! He cuts his visit short, and almost in-

stantly disappears. We see the plates, cups, saucers, platters, etc., spread out upon the ground, and in nearly every instance a woman is in charge of them. We price some of the articles, and are surprised at finding how cheap they are. Plates that would cost ten or fifteen cents each at home are sold here for two or three cents.

Next to the dish area are the awning-covered stalls running crossways of the

market, and given over to seeds and flowers, the latter forming one of the prettiest and most attractive features of the place. The deep colors and wax texture of the blossoms produce a beauty seldom seen at home, and we soon settle on this being the finest display of flowers ever brought before our attention.

Beyond the flowers we come to the great spread of covered stalls where almost any article of everyday use is sold. In the left half we find candies or sweets, new books, old books, hardware, lace, hosiery, gloves, cutlery, dress goods, old clothes, underwear, and an infinite variety of other wares. In the right half we find fruits, vegetables and meats. None of the goods sold are delivered, so nearly everybody marketing is provided with a basket, sack, or something of the kind, in which to carry home the merchandise purchased. We fail to observe many, if any, well-to-do people about the stalls, and are right in concluding that only the poorer classes deal here. The wealthier people do their trading at the stores or shops.

The fish stalls, near the Exchange Building, together with the wholesale vegetable stalls, are in use on all week days, while the others are fixed up only on Wednesdays and Saturdays, consequently these are the "market days" of the week.

Sundays see the whole place cleared and turned over for meeting purposes. Here it was that Nelson, one of the earliest Methodists, was so harshly treated in 1743 for advocating his religious convictions. A visit to these grounds on the Sunday morning is interesting. Then we find the religious and the non-religious enthusiast and also the social reformer holding forth, each giving reasons why he is what he is and why others should believe as he does. Even

the Elders at times venture forth into the "arena" and give their side of the story. Many are the Gospel sermons that have been preached upon this five acre opening, and many are the Saints whose earliest recollections of the Gospel sound are associated with the locality.

The liveliest period in the year for the market place begins the first Thursday of October and continues until midnight of the following Saturday. The time to which we refer is called Goose Fair and is looked forward to by the Nottingham people with great anticipations. In former times it lasted eight days but since then, however, it has diminished in size as well as in duration. It is often called Nottingham's Carnival, and was once the principal event from which the people figured dates. And even at this late day of its history, we now and again hear the town's folk dating events from "Goose Fair."

Our interest causes some little investigation, and we learn that Goose Fair is a remnant of by-gone days, anterior to railroads, when people drove to town to do their marketing at long periods apart. Then amusements in the country districts were "rare articles," and a trip to Nottingham Goose Fair meant, not only one of business, but also of pleasure and amusement. On those occasions the country folk turned out "in full force," renewing old friendships and visiting with relatives; and we are told the city people were equally pleased in seeing and entertaining their visitors. Of course, the center of attraction was the Market Place, alive with business and sports of various and numerous kinds. So pleased were the Nottingham people with this great market and jubilee period that even today they hold to it most tenaciously; however it has grown to be almost wholly a mammoth pleasure fair and carnival.

During its continuance all the regular business carried on in the market is suspended and the place given up to shows, Punch and Judies, steam horses, merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, candy stands, fortune tellers' tents, menageries, and you can't tell what not. Anything and everything to make a penny find their way to the Goose Fair. The spaces not occupied by tents, stands, etc., are jammed with noisy crowds and "all is push." At the tent doors, galleries etc., are men, women and children dressed in gay colors and fancy uniforms, yelling, singing, dancing, blowing horns, ringing bells, and making all kinds of noises to attract the crowd "that way." Everybody, in spite of the Babylon of deafening confusion, seems happy and full of fun. "One gets the impression, indeed, that an eternal Goose Fair would excellently suit the ordinary Nottingham native's idea of paradise."

We next turn our attention to the

shops surrounding the market and take pleasure in seeing the fine window displays which, we are told, bear favorable comparison with those of other large cities of England. Nearly all the buildings are so constructed that the fronts of the upper stories project over the ground floors and are supported by iron or stone pillars, thus forming long piazzas. We follow around the piazzas and find them very convenient for shoppers and others who are thus protected from rain storms or the hot rays of the sun. Hence the public may inspect the goods, so tastefully displayed, with no thought at all of the weather.

We finish our visit about the market place and then by going along the street called Poultry, to the south of the Exchange Building, we make for the birthplace of the poet, Henry Kirk White, after which our route will take us down to the famous River Trent.

Delbert W. Parratt.



THE GIFT OF INTERPRETATION.

A FEW weeks ago a lady, with whom I have been acquainted for a number of years, related to me an incident in her experience which I believe will be of interest to readers of the INSTRUCTOR. The lady I refer to was born in Sweden, and came to this country in her youth. The first Sabbath after her arrival in Salt Lake City she expressed to some of her friends a strong desire to attend the services to be held in the Tabernacle that afternoon. She was a member of the Church, and, of course, had heard much concerning President Brigham Young, who at that time was living. Naturally she wanted to see the great leader and to hear him

preach, hence her anxiety to go to meeting.

The young lady was reminded by her friends that she would not be able to understand even if she did have the privilege of hearing the particular one she desired. This did not daunt her, however, and she found her way to the Tabernacle. Fortunately for her, President Young was at the meeting and addressed the congregation. She listened to his words and found that she understood everything he said, although she was not acquainted with the English language. She was under the impression that he was speaking in her native tongue; and after listening for some

time she diverted her mind from the subject of his remarks, and mentally congratulated herself on having her wish gratified by beholding the prophet and hearing his voice. "And how kind of him," she remarked to herself, "to address the meeting in Swedish for my especial benefit!"—for up to this moment she had no other idea than that he had learned the Swedish language and was addressing his words to those of the congregation who understood that tongue. Just then the gift of interpretation left her, and she understood no more of the sermon.

When she returned, after the close of the meeting, to the place where she was stopping she related her experience at the services, but her friends seemed to be skeptical about her understanding what had been said there. They were soon convinced that she was telling the truth when they compared her report of the sermon with that given by others who were at the meeting, and who understood the English language.

Edwin F. Parry.



FAITH AND PRAYER.

A Testimony.

IF space will permit, I will gladly insert a few lines in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, as experience has taught me the great value of faith and prayer, and the great blessings and comforts that they are to help us to struggle through life.

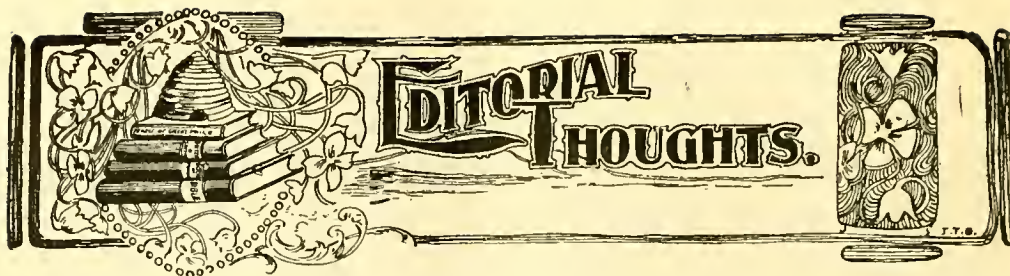
Eleven years ago I suffered severe pain from inflammation in my eyes. For three weeks I was totally blind. My doctor and all my friends thought my sight was gone forever. None can imagine the horror of being blind, unless they have experienced the same. In faith I had hope of getting my sight again. I sent for Bishop Empey, of the

Thirteenth ward of Salt Lake City, and his two counselors, Brother Park and Brother Woolley. They administered unto me, and promised me that according to my faith I should receive my sight again. And so I did, and my eyes are now as strong as they ever were in all my life.

Again, at another time, four years later, our little boy Hume was taken very sick with typhoid pneumonia. For six weeks he was so low that he could neither talk nor move. The physician gave him up and all our neighbors said they knew he would die. At one time his papa and myself were about to give up all hope also; but the still, small voice whispered to me: "No, if you only have faith there is hope; as long as there is life there is hope." The same Elders that had administered to me when I was blind came and administered to our little boy. They promised us, if we had faith, our little one should be restored to health and strength again, and they rebuked the disease which had sapped his flesh and strength away until he was nothing but skin and bones. He was restored to health and strength, and is living today. He has been baptized, and is now nine years old, and is feeling well, and loves to attend to his Sunday School and to his prayers.

At many various times have I experienced the blessings gained through prayer; therefore I say, girls and boys, cultivate the spirit of prayer while you are young, for it will be of great benefit to you in future years. I am thankful for the faith I have burning within my heart, and I hope that I may daily grow in knowledge of the things pertaining to our salvation, and that we may raise our little ones in the right way, to fit and prepare them for the work that is before them.

Hilda Sparks.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, - MAY 15, 1903.

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NOTES FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFICERS.

IN some Sunday Schools it has become the custom to study the concert recitations during the time devoted to the lessons. Where this is the practice, consideration of the recitations should not be taken up until the lesson prescribed in the "Outlines" has been thoroughly studied. The regular lesson for the day must receive the school's first attention.

It is suggested by the executive officers of the General Board that, to simplify their labors and avoid errors, in all stake reports,—statistical, financial and otherwise, where a branch Sunday School is known by a different name to that of the ward of which it is a part,

that the name of the ward be added, in parenthesis, to that of the school, and thus ensure correctness in the records of the Board.

It will be noted by our readers, that Elder A. O. Woodruff, of the council of the Apostles, has been received as a member of the General Board of the Union.

STAKE superintendents who promised an increase of ten per cent in the subscription list of their stakes to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR should inquire as to the progress being made in this direction. It will soon be too late to get an increase if it is not already secured.

STAKE superintendents should promptly notify the general office of any changes in the stake Sunday School officers.

CONFERENCES POSTPONED.

THE annual Sunday School Conference of the Sevier Stake has been postponed from Sunday, June 14, to Sunday, August 16, 1903; and that of the Juab Stake from Sunday, May 17, to Sunday, May 31, 1903.

DEATH OF ELDER BRIGHAM YOUNG.

President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles.

Again the pale-browed visitor hath knocked

At the appointed door, and stilled a breath;
By which the multitude's deep heart is shocked;
For even when expected, death is death!

Another one of Utah's Pioneers—

Among the brave, among the true and great,
Leaves his loved people to lament in tears,
As he is ushered through the royal gate.

The second Brigham Young, son of the first,
Sought with his noble sire this desert wild;
Knew the dread pangs of hunger and of thirst,
And untold hardships, even when a child.
But this his comrades tell: his merry heart;
Like medicine, was doing good for all:
With jest and mirth he bore the pain and smart,
And sweetened oft with cheer the cup of gall.

How much the world hath need of such bright
souls!
But when in heaven a need is greater still,
God's pow'r supreme the circumstance con-
trols,
And earth must bow submissive to His will.

Yet, as through curtains of soft snowy lace,
Warm rays are poured as if from myriad suns,
So faith reflects the smiles of that dear face,
Now glorified among the righteous ones.

Long as a member of the Twelve he moved,
Reliable and faithful to each trust;
Then as the quorum's president, he proved
A mighty counselor—prudent, strong and just.
His brethren, his family, the Church,
Will miss his genial presence; but his love,
His heart's best treasure, free to those who
search,

Will follow with his works, here and above.

L. L. Greene Richards.

Salt Lake City, April, 1903.



"MY FATHER, FOR ANOTHER NIGHT."

Words by Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.

Music by A. C. Smyth.

Voices in Unison.

DEVOTIONALLY

My Fa - ther, for an - oth - er night Of qui - et sleep and rest,

For all the joy of morning light, Thy Ho - ly name be blest.

Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou wilt I may live,
And what Thou wilt be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,

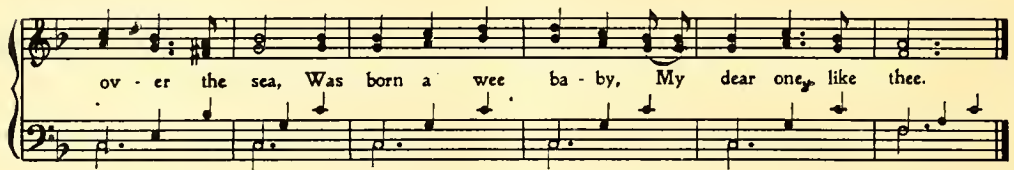
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' name.

My Father, for His sake I pray
Thy child accept and bless:
And lead me by Thy grace today,
In paths of righteousness.

CHRISTMAS CRADLE SONG.

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

MODERATO.



CHORUS:



The story was told by the angels so bright,
As 'round them was shining a heavenly light,
The stars shone out brightly but one led the way,
And stood o'er the place where the dear baby lay.

The shepherds here found Him as angels had said,
The poor little Stranger, no crib for a bed,
Down low in a manger so quiet He lay,
This little child, Jesus, asleep on the hay.



THE PRAYER OF SOLOMON.

Not fame, nor power, nor length of days
He craved, nor store of gold;
"Give me an understanding heart,"
Prayed Israel's king of old.

"That so, a king in very truth,
A counselor, father, friend,
I may go in and out among
My people to the end."

We of another age and land
Put up his prayer today,
"Give us the heart to understand
Our people, Lord," we pray.

We hurt each other so! nor dream
The stinging pain, the ache

That follows on our careless words,
Till some true heart we break.

Grant us the grace to understaud,
Before that gift of Thine,
Strife ceases, discord dies, and life
Grows half divine. *Selected.*



SOME OF OUR POETS.

ISAAC B. NASH.

THE subject of this brief sketch was born in Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire, South Wales, on the 14th of June, 1824. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in his native land in the year 1847, and was called about six months after his baptism, by Captain Dan Jones, then in charge of the Welsh Mission, to go forth and preach the Gospel, in which labors he continued until the year 1849, when he was released therefrom in order to accompany Captain Dan Jones and Sister Elizabeth Lewis to the valleys of the mountains. He crossed the ocean in the ship "Buena Vista," then on her first voyage, she being a new vessel. The company had a pleasant voyage across the sea, and were landed at New Orleans, whence they went up the Mississippi to St. Louis on the old steamboat "Constitution." Cholera broke out in the company, and the next day after reaching St. Louis twenty-one of their number were buried, they having died of this terrible disease. Soon after the company re-commenced its journey up the river, bound for Council Bluffs, and between the two points sixty-four persons—men, women and children, were buried, having also

been stricken with that same fell disease.

After landing at the Bluffs Captain Jones bought some new wagons that were not ironed, and, as Brother Nash



ELDER ISAAC B. NASH.

was a blacksmith, the captain engaged him to iron them and fit them up for the journey across the plains. When all was ready they started in Brother

George A. Smith's company, and after a long and tedious journey landed in Salt Lake City on the last day of September. They camped on what was then the bench, near where Bishop John Sharp afterwards built his house.

The next day after their arrival, Presidents Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball with others came to their camp, talked to them very kindly and gave them much good counsel. They advised that all the mechanics that were in the company stay in the city; Brother Jones with the rest of the Welsh company was going over Jordan to take up farms. Following this advice Father John Parry, his son Caleb and wife, these brethren being stone masons, Brother William Clark, who was a tinner, and Brother Nash, remained in the city. The last named soon went to work with Brother Burr Frost and with him was engaged on the public works.

The next year (1850) Father John Parry was called to lead the singing in the old Bowery, and Brother Nash was appointed his first assistant. At that time he translated the song, "We'll see Joseph Smith and Hyrum with the just upon Mount Zion," from the Welsh into the English language and sang it in the Bowery. Soon after, he moved into the Seventh ward and became a teacher in its Sunday School.

In the year 1859 Brother Nash and his wife went down to St. Louis, made their home there until 1864, and then returned to Utah, later taking up their permanent abode in Franklin, Idaho. Soon after arriving at this settlement Brother Nash was made leader of the ward choir and superintendent of the Sunday School, which latter position he held until he was called to be first assistant superintendent of Sunday Schools

of the Oneida Stake, Elder William L. Webster being the stake superintendent. These labors he greatly enjoyed. To teach the children to love God and keep His commandments was the delight of his life. He also took unalloyed pleasure in teaching them to sing the sweet songs of Zion, and was very successful in these labors. Brother Nash's patriotic songs were very popular throughout Utah during the early years of its settlement; he is also the composer of a number of Sunday School songs which he made a practice of singing to the children as he went round the stake from school to school in his visits as one of the stake superintendency. His efforts resulted in abundant good. He tells a little incident of how, while visiting one of the schools on the occasion of a district jubilee, in the northern part of the stake, that there was a goodly number of children present. At the morning session he sang a song, but when the afternoon services opened he noticed that a good many little boys were still standing outside. He went out and endeavored to persuade them to come in, which they seemed disinclined to do. At last one of them said, "Brother Nash, if we come in will you sing for us?" He replied, "Yes, my boys, I will sing all you want to hear." He went in and they all followed him, and during the afternoon he kept his promise, much to their delight, by singing three or four different times. This is but one incident of many of a like kind.

One of the best known of Brother Nash's songs is, "The Kingdom of God or Nothing for me," which here follows. It is generally sung to the tune of "The Mistletoe Bough."

The kingdom of God or nothing for me,
For its laws are eternal, its subjects are free;
Before it all kingdoms in honor must bend;
Triumphant it reigns from beginning to end.

Though hell in its fury boil forth in a rage,
And the nations of earth in a warfare engage,
'Twill move on in power, for nought can im-
pede
The final result which our God hath decreed.

CHORUS:

Oh, God's kingdom for me,
Oh, God's kingdom for me.

The kingdom of God or nothing for me,
For it soon shall bear rule o'er the land and
the sea,
'Tis the stone from the mountain cut out with-
out hands,
Extending its power through all distant lands.
The proud and the haughty that will not obey
The laws of this kingdom, will soon fade away,
The rulers of nations will tremble with fear,
For they'll know by its progress their downfall
is near.

The kingdom of God or nothing for me,
A subject in it I hope ever to be;
And true to the end may I always remain,
The laws of this kingdom for ever sustain.

Though mobbers may come and my life may as-
sail,
Their efforts will fail, for they cannot prevail.
With powers of darkness I'll ever contend!
For Christ is my King, and on Him I'll depend.

The kingdom is great and its power divine,
Like the sun in its brightness forever will shine.
Neither honor nor wealth nor the nation's ap-
plaud,
Can be aught to compare with the kingdom of
God.

Oh, may I forever the kingdom defend,
Be faithful and true to the cause to the end.
Though vile persecution and sorrow I'll see,
'Tis the kingdom of God or nothing for me.

Among others of Brother Nash's well
known Sunday School hymns, are, "O
Zion, dear, how joyful!" "Oh, we love
to sing of Zion."

Though now nearing four score years,
Brother Nash's enthusiasm for the di-
vine art, and his interest in Sunday
Schools have not abated.



RELIGION CLASS DEPARTMENT.

PLANS.

Primary Grade.

LESSON XXXI.

First Step. Song: "Zion is Growing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Blessing on the food (continued.)
Report on its use at home.

Fourth Step. Stories of the boils and the
hail. Ex. 9.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord, Accept our True
Devotion." Prayer.

LESSON XXXII.

First Step. Song: "Zion is Growing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Blessing on the food (continued.)
Report on its use at home.

Fourth Step. Stories of the locusts and dark-
ness. Ex. 10.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord Accept our True
Devotion." Prayer.

Intermediate Grade.

LESSON XXXI.

First Step. Song: "Zion is Growing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Ordinances of the Gospel. Ad-
ministering to the sick (continued.) Review
essentials of the ordinance. By whom per-
formed.

Fourth Step. Christ heals the withered hand.
(Luke 6: 6-11.) Memorize verse 12.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord, Accept our True
Devotion." Prayer.

LESSON XXXII.

First Step. Song: "Zion is Growing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Ordinances of the Gospel. Administering to the sick (continued.) Report ordinances seen during the week.

Fourth Step. Christ chooses Twelve Apostles. (Luke 6: 12-19 and Mark 3: 13-19.) Memorize Mark 3: 14

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord Accept our True Devotion." Prayer.

Advanced Grade.

LESSON XXXI.

First Step. Song: "Nay, Speak no Ill."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Ordinances of the Gospel. The Sacrament (continued.) Who may administer it.

Fourth Step. Small plates given to Jacob, with instructions to record revelations, prophecies, and sacred preaching on them. Death of Nephi. Succeeding kings called after him Nephi II., Nephi III., etc. Jacob 1.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord, Accept our True Devotion." Prayer.

LESSON XXXII.

First Step. Song: "Nay, Speak no Ill."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Sacrament (continued.) How and why we should partake of it.

Fourth Step. Jacob preaches in the temple. The people's hearts corrupt. Set upon gold and silver. Vanity of the rich, and class distinctions among the people. Seek first the kingdom of God. Unchastity. Warning. (Ch. 2.) Lamanites, though under a curse, are purer, hence not to be utterly destroyed. (Ch. 3.)

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord, Accept our True Devotion." Prayer.

Notes.

1. Questions have been asked the general board as to whether any of the classes may be continued during the summer months, and if so, which grades. We answer: There is no fixed rule respecting the continuance of the religion classes during the summer months, though the policy hitherto has been to confine the work to the time when there is actual day school. Nevertheless, where it is altogether convenient and desirable some of the classes, or all for the matter of that, may be held during the summer. But care should be taken in this matter. It is better for the classes to be discontinued when

there is interest manifested by the children than to continue the classes beyond the point of interest. Enthusiasm on the part of the teacher must not be mistaken for the desires of the children. Be sure therefore that interest will not flag if you continue the classes. The primary grade is probably the most likely one to go on during the summer, if any are continued.

2. Some inconveniences have resulted, in some of the stakes, from conflicts between Religion Class "conferences" and Sunday School or M. I. A. conferences, both coming on the same day and at the same place, or different places. We suggest, therefore, that the stake superintendents exercise care in this direction, so as not to lessen the prospects of interest and attendance either of our own or other organizations, by appointing stake meetings of Religion Class workers on a day when any other stake meeting would be likely to interfere with it in any way. No general rule can of course be fixed to govern this matter; but we call special attention to it that our work may be interrupted as little as possible.

Correspondence.

The following encouraging note has come to us from a ward in which there is a flourishing Religion Class:

Before the Religion Classes were organized in our ward, my wife and I had, alternately, offered family prayers. We have six children, but we thought they were too young to take part in the prayers. One evening as we knelt down to pray, one of our little girls said, "Papa, can't I say prayers with you?" Without hesitation, I said, "Yes, dear, you can, if you so desire." I offered prayer, and the child repeated it after me, sentence by sentence. Next morning another member of the family repeated the prayer, and from that time till the present we have had each of our children, except the baby, take part in family prayers. This morning I told one of the children that I would offer prayer alone, and on hearing this she began to cry. Our children love to pray, and that love has been planted in their hearts by the teachers of the Religion Classes.



Young man, don't drink; young woman, don't marry him if he does.

Shun debt as a foe
And pay as you go.

"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."

THE SPANISH INQUISITION.



THE story of man's inhumanity to man forms the most tragic and pathetic chapter in human history. At best, man's life is full of trial and vexation, beset by sin and suffering, and naturally one would suppose that he would make it the business of his life to smooth life's pathway for others and do all that was possible to ameliorate the condition of his fellow man. All doing this, existence in this world could be made a paradise, most heavenly and most lovely, for everything necessary to the perfect happiness of man was placed on the earth in the beginning. But the enemy of souls seems to have got the better of man, to the extent at least of filling his life with woe and misery, mostly the result of the want of humanity in his fellows. The history of the world is almost an unbroken narration of oppression and suffering, with once in a while a bright spot to remind us of our origin, lest we forget that we are the children of a kind and loving Creator and Father.

But the strangest feature of man's inhumanity to man is the fact that the worst examples of wanton cruelty inflicted by man upon his fellow creatures has been done on the pretext and in the name of religion—"for the good of his soul." In the beginning the Creator made man free, "to choose his life and what he'd be;" he was given his free agency to think, believe and worship as he thought best, without any coercion or repression from his Creator.

Know this, that every soul is free
To choose his life and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

He'll call, persuade, direct aright—

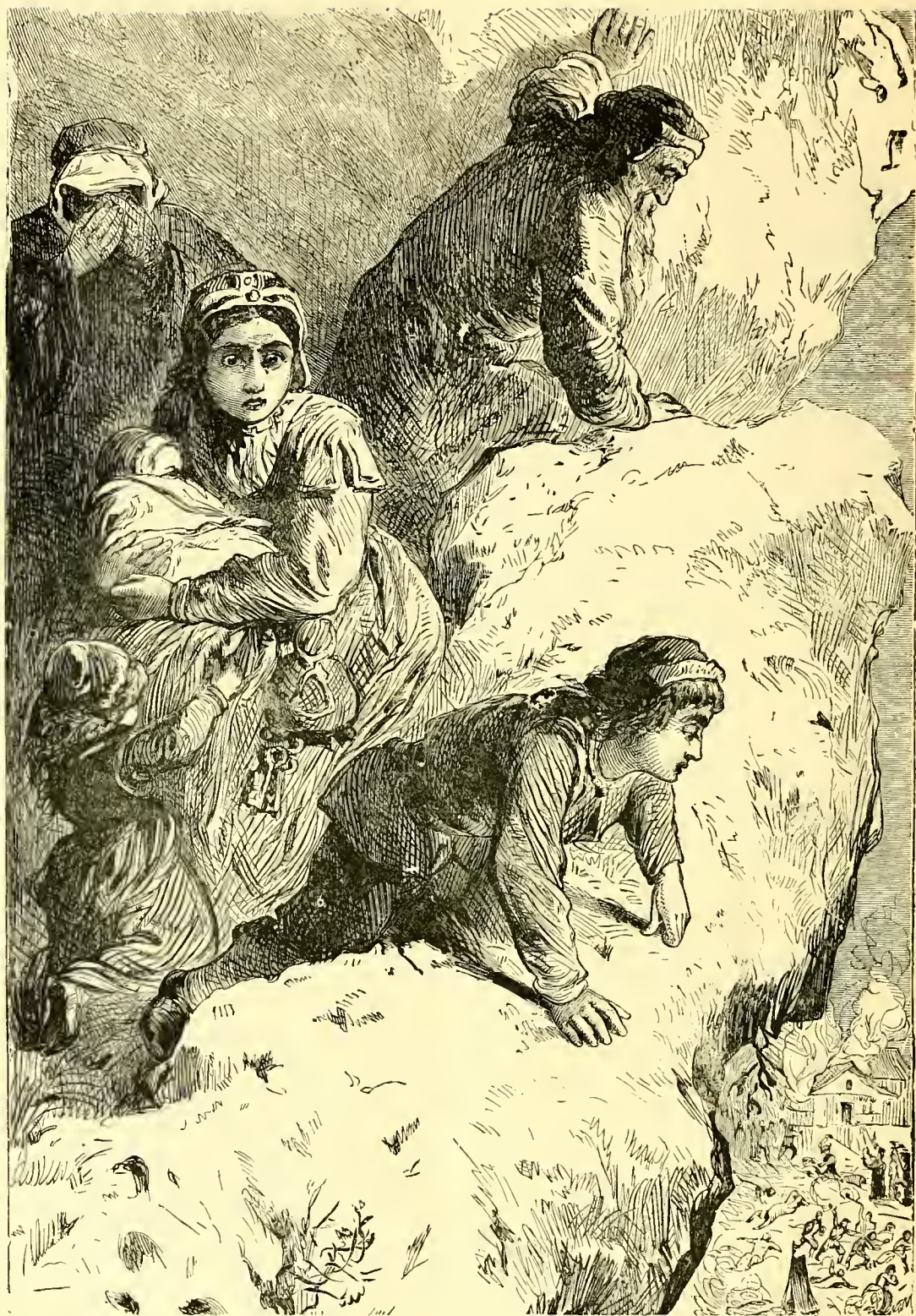
Bless him with wisdom, love and light;—

In nameless ways be good and kind,

But never force the human mind.

Since the beginning of history man has sought to change this beautiful order of things and has used all the power and force at his command to make his neighbor think and believe and worship as he does. It is even said that the "Puritans fled from the persecutions of the old world to come to the new, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and compel every body else to do the same."

It is held by many students of history that religious intolerance has caused more human suffering and bloodshed than all other causes combined. Be this as it may, it is certainly responsible for the death of the best men that ever graced the earth; it is responsible for the martyrdom of nearly all the ancient prophets of God, and for the death of our Savior Himself. The religious and sanctimonious Jews thought they were doing God service when they put Him and His disciples to death. They were so wrapped in self righteousness and warped by prejudice that they verily knew not what they did. Religious intolerance is also responsible for the shedding of the best blood of this generation, that of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, with others of the Saints. All the persecutions of the people of God in our own day have been instigated and for the most part been led by professed ministers of the Gospel, who perpetrated their wicked deeds in the name of religion. Nearly all the opposition to the preaching of the



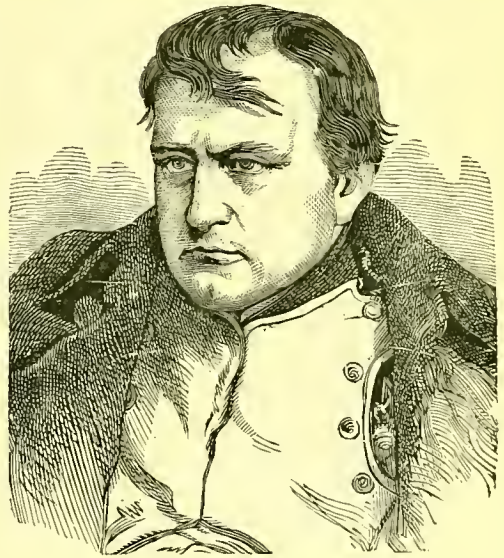
THE PERSECUTION OF THE VAUDOIS.

Gospel by the Latter-day Saint Elders in this and all other lands is instigated by bigoted, narrow minded ministers and professed followers of Jesus.

After Christianity had been broken up into factions and had departed from its original characteristics of love, charity, gentleness, purity and simplicity, it seemed to be the chief business of the Christians, all through the ages, to persecute one another, the stronger finally destroying the weaker factions, till there was practically but one powerful church in the civilized world, which held sway over the minds of all men, feared alike by king and people of every nation. All had good cause to fear, for whosoever dared to oppose the policy or question the tenets of faith promulgated by the dominant church were caused quickly to feel the cruel and merciless wrath of a power greater than any that had hitherto ruled the world, a power that was wholly without conscience when dealing with heretics.

This notable fact in the religious history of the world is illustrated especially in the tragic and pathetic story of the Vaudois church, whose followers inhabited the mountain fastnesses of the Italian Alps. In the early ages of Christianity the people of Piedmont, the Vaudois, were converted and formed one of the early churches, and through heroic struggles which lasted for centuries, they kept themselves aloof from the church of Rome. Because of their determination to maintain religious freedom the Vaudois were warred against for eight hundred years, and were the objects of the most bitter hate and persecution ever known to history. During that time, thousands suffered the tortures of the inquisition, and burning at the stake. The story of their sufferings and miraculous preservation from what often appeared certain

destruction, is almost too remarkable to believe, were not the narrative supported by history. The interesting history of the Vaudois, called by some the "Israel of the Alps," is a story on one side of a heroic struggle to maintain religious liberty, and on the other of rapine, and murder, and relentless oppression, the sole object of which was to extinguish the spark of religious freedom held by the Vaudois. Whatever Napoleon, the great, had been to others, his defense of the Vaudois is one of the bright spots in the checkered life of this



NAPOLEON.

great conqueror. His friendship brought them the first genuine freedom that they had enjoyed for centuries. Napoleon was deeply impressed with the heroism the mountain church had displayed, and he confirmed them in their ancient privileges and protected them in all their rights until he lost his empire and went into exile, when the Vaudois church was again made the object of bitter persecution, which lasted for another thirty years or more.

Another bright spot in the career of

the foot of the stairs was reached they entered a large room, the "hall of judgment." In the center of it was a large block and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room, was an elevated seat, the throne of judgment, which the inquisitor general occupied, and on both sides were seats less elevated for the holy fathers, when engaged in the solemn business of the holy inquisition.

From this room the soldiery proceeded to the right where were found small cells extending the entire length of the edifice. Here horrifying sights presented themselves. These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the objects of inquisitional hate were confined year after year until death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies remained until they were entirely decayed, and their rooms had become fit for others to occupy. In these cells were found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeons.

In other cells were found living sufferers of both sexes and of every age, from three score years and ten down to fourteen years, all naked as when born into the world and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were the middle-aged and the young man, and the maiden of fourteen years old! The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave to cover the nakedness of the prisoners. Food was given them and they were brought gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

The soldiers then proceeded to explore another room on the left. Here were found the instruments of torture of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. The first was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms and body were broken or drawn one after another, until the victim died. The second was a box in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim. Every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place soon suspended circulation and put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony.

The third was a machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound. The machine was then placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives, so fixed that by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs all in small pieces.

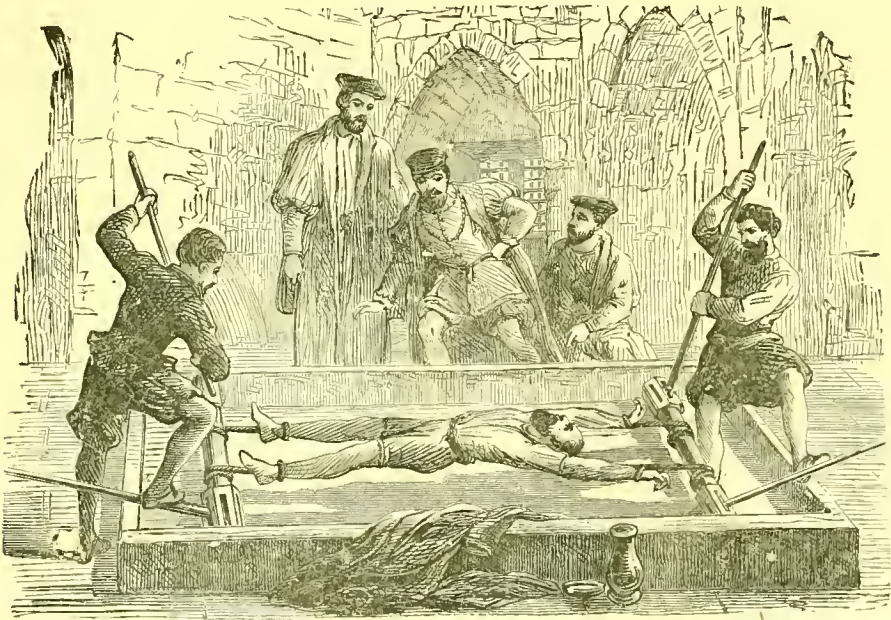
The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was made to represent a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semicircle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

"The sight of these infernal engines of cruelty," the narrative of Colonel Lehmanowski continues, "kindled the rage of the soldier to fury. They declared that every inquisitor and soldier of the inquisition should be put to torture. Their rage was ungovernable, and had

they been opposed they might have turned their arms against their officers. They began with the holy fathers, and every one was made to feel and suffer the excruciating tortures which they and their predecessors for ages had inflicted upon the innocent victims of their hate. The inquisitor general was brought before the infernal machine, called 'The Virgin,' but begged hard to be excused. 'No,' said they, 'you have caused others to kiss her, and now

was like a resurrection! About a hundred who had been buried for many years, were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long-lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were some who could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe."

When the multitude had retired, the



THE RACK.

you must do it,' and he was pushed by their bayonets into its horrible arms and literally torn to shreds. Nor was the horrible work stopped till the soldiers had wreaked their awful vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house of hell.

"In the meantime it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And oh! what a meeting was there—it

library, paintings, furniture, etc., were removed and a wagon load of powder was deposited in the vaults beneath the building and exploded, and there was presented a most joyful sight to thousands. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically toward the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. The inquisition was no more.

Jos. Hyrum Parry.



HALO AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER IX.

The ride on the cars—The river and mountain—The dark tunnel—At home—Grandma Ray's chimney and the mason.

Although I'm but a little child,
I love the mountains broad and high;
The frisking squirrels fleet and wild,
The swift birds skimming earth and sky.
I love to hear the river's flow,
And watch its waters rise and fall;
The dear Lord made them all, I know,
And so I love Him best of all.

FOR some distance the railroad followed along a river, between two mountains; and as Halo and his mother were carried swiftly forward by the train, they found much pleasure in watching the changing scenery and listening to the varied sounds as the cars rushed on. By and by they went through a dark tunnel, and Halo asked his mama how the men who were guiding the train could tell what to do in the darkness.

Lessie said she thought the men knew so well when they were coming to the tunnel that they had every thing prepared to pass right through without having to make any changes while they were in the dark. But she said the train men always had lanterns handy, so they could make a light at the front of the cars where the engine was, if they needed

to, and perhaps they had a light there, all through the dark tunnel. "I shouldn't like to live in darkness very long, would you, mama?" said Halo. "No indeed," answered Lessie.

"When I shut my eyes," said Halo, "it's just like being in the dark tunnel. I'd hate to be blind, like Brother M——, wouldn't you? He can't see his wife, nor their little baby. But he says he knows his wife is pretty. How can he know that when he never saw her?" "He knows she is very good and kind to him," said Lessie, "and that makes him sure she must be beautiful, even though he cannot see her."

Then Halo tried shutting his eyes and opening them, to see if he could get an idea of how a person must feel who was born blind, until he went to sleep. For they had risen early to catch the train, and Halo was sleepy.

Almost the next thing he knew they had reached the depot at home, and his father had him in his arms.

There had been no particular changes made about home while Halo and mama had been away, but somehow things looked different to the little boy.

Grandma's old-fashioned wood fire-place had burned away so much that it had to be partly built again with new brick. There was a mason at work, taking out the brick which had been burned away and broken; and there was a great, dark hole being made, which caused the little boy to open his eyes wide with wonder.

"Oh, mama, look!" he cried, pointing and running nearer to the mason than that important workman seemed to think should be allowed.

"Yes, look, you young rascal!" said the man very crossly. "See that deep, black hole. If you come around here, I shall poke you in there, and then build up the brick with this mortar, and you'll be gone, you will—won't he mama?"

"Oh no! Brother —— we do not tell our boy such bad things as that," answered Lessie, "we teach him to speak the truth."

The mason looked somewhat ashamed, but grumbled out something about "young ones being allowed to keep around in other people's way."

So Lessie led her boy out into the yard, where he would not trouble the mason's work any more, she thought. Then she went in to talk with papa.

Presently Halo came and wanted to know if he might take off his shoes and stockings, and be bare footed for a while, as some other children were, the afternoon was so warm. His mama said he might, so he ran off very gaily to his play.

There was a pile of brick by the house, near which the children were playing. The mason came out to get some of the brick, and Halo, in his curiosity to know what was going on, again got too close to the man.

There was a little cry of pain, and mama was out in an instant to see what had happened. A brick had tumbled onto one of Halo's little bare feet.

"Well, I told you to keep out of the way! It's a good thing for you to learn somethings, if you do get a foot smashed now and then," said the mason harshly, with an ugly look.

Lessie took her sobbing child into her lap and held the little bruised foot sooth-

ingly in her hand. She told Halo he must try to be very careful never to get in any one's way. But she thought to herself, "What a cross, unfeeling man! I am glad Halo and I do not have to live where there is any one like that. And yet, poor man, I pity him! For he was born and brought up in a country and among a people so different to ours, where freedom exists and love and kindness are taught."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

L. L. G. R

TO THE LETTER-BOX.

Indian Dances.

FRUITLAND, NEW MEXICO.

Thinking you would like to hear from some of the little children in this place, I will try to write.

One time Uncle Ben took Claude and me to see the Indians dance. When the seasons are dry here there is no grass for the sheep. The Indians get together and have a great time dancing. They dance, hoping that rain will be sent. You would laugh to hear the noises they make for music.

We have a good Primary. Sister Dean is our president. She is kind and good. Aunt Clara Burnham was president until she moved away a year ago. We still love to think of her.

Your little friend,

JOHN CLARK ROBERTS.

From Idaho to Canada.

MAGRATH, ALBERTA, CANADA.

We moved from Raymond, Idaho, one year ago, and came to Magrath. The country here is very different to our country at home. We have no hills to coast down, and no snow, but a few days at a time; and then it all goes off, leaving the ground dry and nice again. I

go to school, and we have fine times playing football at noon. We have a good Religion class and Primary, and our Sunday School we love very much. I am eleven years old, and love to read the little letters in the JUVENILE. I am trying to be a better boy than I was last year.

Your little brother,
EUGENE H. DALTON.*

Baby Burned Badly.

LEIGH, IDAHO.

I am a little girl, nine years old. I go to Sunday School, Primary and day school. We live in Teton Basin. I have two sisters and four brothers. Our baby, when he was small, got burned badly. The Elders came and administered to him, and he got well.

MELISSA SHAW.

From Nevada to Utah.

PROVO CITY, UTAH.

I was born in Lincoln County, Nevada, in a little place named CloverValley. We moved to Provo when I was eight years old. Papa bought us a nice home near Provo river. We often go fishing, and enjoy it very much. I like to go to Sunday School, Primary and Religion class. I attend the Timpanagos school. I am eleven years old.

CLARENCE J. WOODS.

Never Tasted Tea nor Coffee.

LOGAN, UTAH.

We, mama, papa, four brothers and three sisters, take much pleasure in reading the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and when I read the many letters from my

*A little boy of the name of our correspondent was killed by being dragged along the street at Magrath by his runaway horse on April 15th, and we greatly fear it was he.

little friends, I have often thought to write a letter, which I will now do.

I go to Sunday School, Primary and also the day school. I am in the fourth grade, and like the studies very much.

My Sunday School teachers are good and kind. Our lessons are from the Book of Mormon, which are very interesting.

I have never tasted tea nor coffee, and I think, as papa often says, everybody ought to keep the Word of Wisdom.

From your new friend,
NETTIE PETERSON, age 10 years.

TOMMY'S CONCLUSION.

Whenever little Towser
Wants anything to eat
He sits up like a kangaroo
And smiles a smile most sweet.

And I am pretty certain
The kangaroo so gay
That sits up just like Towser, must
Be hungry all the day.

Selected.

WITH ALL HER FAULTS I LOVE HER STILL.

It's true she writes a scrawly hand,
Puts in two "t's" when one would do,
And spells dog with an extra "g;"
But not a girl in this wide land
Is half so dear, and very few
Onetenth as sweet as she to me.

Dear thing! she sometimes says "I seen,"
"They was," "I's not," or "so be you;"
"Them's yours," "They's good"—harsh to
my ears;

But she is still my lovely queen,
Whose heart-beats are to mine most true,
And will be yet for many years.

Some say that love is blind, and I
Would add that love is deaf also,
Though grammarless and spelling bad,
My love is handsome, sweet and shy.
The secret of our love you'd know?
She's only five, and I'm her dad.

Selected.

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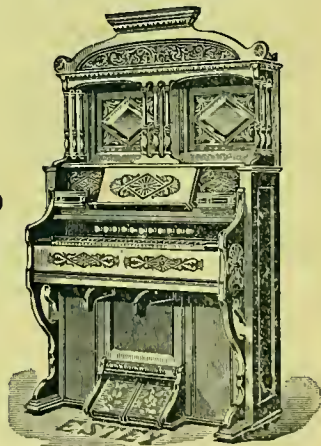
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Amelia Bingham.

AUG. 10.

Henry Miller.